

# COBBETT'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.

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## TO LOUIS.

### ON THE REAL CAUSES OF HIS LATE EXPULSION, AND ON THE FUTURE PROSPECTS OF HIMSELF AND FA- MILY.

SIR,—While I feel, in common with most of my countrymen, compassion for you, under the present circumstances, I think it right to address you my thoughts on the real causes of your late expulsion from France, and on the prospects which now present themselves to yourself and family. To do this I think myself the more fully entitled, as the advice, which I offered you upon your restoration was not followed, and, as it now appears, the acting in opposition to that advice has furnished the grounds of numerous accusations against you and your Government. It appears to me very clear, that the House of Bourbon never can reign again in France. A war, in which all the rest of Europe, with the purse of England emptied into their hands, should league against France, might produce great revolutions in that country; but, I am convinced, that it is wholly impossible for any combination of power, or of events, to make your House again for any length of time, the sovereigns of France. The reasons for this opinion will become apparent when I have described what I deem to have been the real causes of your late expulsion.

In the Proclamation to the French people, which you issued in England in the early part of 1814, you said, that you were resolved *to owe your restoration solely to the people of France*. But, you were hardly arrived in France, when it was stated in the *Moniteur* and in the English news-papers, that you had, under your own hand, declared to the Prince Regent of England, *that you owed your Crown to him*; and the substance, if not copies, of the letter, containing this declaration, were published in these same papers. I do not pretend to say, that this was the fact. I would fain believe

that it was not; but, it is impossible to blame the people of France for having believed that which every man in England believed, and especially when overt acts of a nature so striking, and so humiliating to France, accompanied this memorable declaration. You had expressed your resolution to owe your restoration *solely to the people of France*; and the people of France saw you escorted from the Prince Regent's palace to Dover by English Guards; they saw you conveyed across the Channel in an English ship commanded by an English Prince; they saw you received on French ground and conducted to Paris by German and Prussian soldiers, subsidized by England: they saw Paris filled with those troops; they saw those troops remain there until Napoleon was landed on the rock of Elba, and until you had new-organized the army and the civil authorities of France; they, in short, saw you put upon the throne by foreign armies, and they heard England, who had been the constant enemy of France under *all* her forms of Government, held up as entitled to *all the merit of having accomplished this event*.

Was it likely; was it possible, that a nation like the French should not burn with desire to wipe away this broad, this staring stain on its character? To see the English regiments of horse traverse almost the whole of France, when they might have been embarked very nearly at the spot where the war had closed; to see the studied parade of English "*conquerors*," as they were called, in the streets of Paris; to be told, as they were through our news-papers, that you had, at the request of our Government, forcibly detained American armed ships in the ports of France, and that you had, by special command, prevented Frenchmen from sailing to America, lest they should enter into the service of that country: to see and hear these things must have added greatly to the mortification and resentment of the French people, who, always remarkable for their love of

military glory, would under such circumstances, naturally be ready to burst forth against your authority upon the first fair occasion.

Yet, if you had returned unaccompanied by the ancient *Noblesse*, and the *Clergy*, things might possibly have settled down into something like content. But, loaded with a numerous class of persons, all on the tiptoe of expectation; all expecting employments and honours; all eager to be restored, as well as yourself, to power and to wealth; and, all having, which you had not, to contend with *rivals* for that power and that wealth, and with rivals, too, whom they found in possession; loaded with this almost numberless class, who, to say the truth, had claims as fair as your own to a restoration, it required wisdom and energy that do not fall to the lot of mankind to prevent those heart-burnings which arose from this cause, and the effects of which we now so clearly trace, not in speculation, but in decisive facts. A man bereft of power or profit, always becomes a bitter enemy of him who has displaced him. But if such changes become pretty general throughout a whole country: if a sort of proscription be set on foot; and especially if the grounds of that proscription be such as almost every man in the community will naturally see level, in some degree, against him and even against his children; it is manifest that a convulsion can be prevented by the bayonet alone. And, if the danger; if the suffering, extend itself to the military as well as to all other persons in power, who can expect that any thing short of a great, an overwhelming, foreign force, constantly present in the country, will be able to support the ruler on his throne?

While these changes were at work, producing hostility in every part of the country, the *priesthood* seem not to have been idle. I am not blaming them for their endeavours to bring back the people to their former sentiments. They might deem it their duty. But, as was to be expected, they proceeded with very little caution. The people, who had, in general, long set aside the old way of thinking along with the tythes and the convents, saw with great jealousy and alarm the *crucifixes* re-hoisted at every corner in the towns, and on the sides of the high-ways; and, as if you scorned to approach *by degrees*, you re-established

the ancient rules with regard to the *Sunday*; rules never, perhaps, very wise, and now hostile to the habits of the whole of the generation whom they were to affect. This measure of itself was sufficient to produce a shock. It would naturally create a belief, that *all* was to be attempted to be restored, as far as *religion* was concerned. Nine tenths of the *active* men in France are, perhaps, no more Catholics than I am, having, with their mothers' milk, imbibed a dislike, and even a hatred, of that Church and its clergy. The effect of such measures *must* be to fill them with discontent, alarm, and resentment; for every man living soon *hates* whatever makes him *uneasy*. If measures of this kind, which I can allow to have been adopted by you from motives of real piety, were calculated to revive all the apprehensions of religious persecution, the re-burial of the late king and queen's remains marked out not a few of the greatest men in the country for *regicides*. The funeral service upon that occasion; the annual humiliation appointed; the language of the noblesse, the clergy, the Royalist pamphleteers, the official journal, clearly showed, that there was, in the end, to be neither oblivion nor forgiveness for what was called the "*murder*" of the late king and queen. And, thus another list of proscription was promulgated, written in characters of blood.

But, if it had been possible for you to remain upon the throne amidst the hostility excited against you by all these causes, your power must have been destroyed, and yourself dethroned, by the *attacks upon property*, which were made in so open a manner. The notion which the presses in this country are so very anxious to inculcate is, that your overthrow is to be attributed *solely* to the *army*, who, we are told, *governs* the people of France, and forces upon them whatever laws and government it pleases. We are told, in one column of these papers, that Napoleon is *unable* to collect a large army: that he has been compelled to lower his tone because he wants an army; that he has expressed his willingness to abide by the Treaty of Paris because he wants an army; that he has abolished the Slave Trade, which you would not abolish, because he wants an army; that he pays his court to the people and promises them liberty of the press and free

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representative government because he wants an army: and, strange to say, in the opposite column, we are very gravely assured, as a matter of fact taken for granted, that it is *the army* and the army alone who has brought him back to France, and put him upon your throne, *against the will of thirty millions of people!* It really seems, that delusion is never to cease. It really seems, that, upon that subject, men are to continue in wilful blindness unto the end, unless their eyes be torn open by some dreadful convulsion or calamity.

Before your restoration, it was generally believed in England, that Napoleon's government was so oppressive, and that the people of France were so miserable under it, that they only wanted an opportunity to cast off his yoke and to hoist the White Flag. We have been assured and we have very generally believed, that your reign was a *paternal* reign; that it was a continued series of benefits to the people of France; that you had restored them to morality, religion, liberty, peace, and happiness; that, in short, your government produced effects *precisely the contrary* of the effects produced by his government. Yet, at the end of eleven months, he comes back with only six hundred men, and, instead of finding a people armed to arrest his progress, he rides on, almost without a guard, to the gates of Paris, over a tract of 500 miles, through many populous and fortified towns, without seeing a single arm raised against him, and, indeed, amidst the shouts of a people, who hail him as a *Deliverer*. While, on the other hand, you, who are in possession of all the powers and treasures of that great country; are supported by the two Chambers of the Legislature: are surrounded by hundreds of thousands of armed men, leave your palace and quit the soil of France, without being able to discover a single individual to draw a sword or to speak a word in your defence. Nay, the very guard of hired foreigners: even the *Swiss soldiers*, against surrounding your person with whom the fate of your unfortunate brother was not a sufficient warning; even these wretched men, who let themselves out to fight for hire, are quietly disbanded and banished out of the reach of popular resentment, by a decree of Napoleon published at Lyons. Can it be believed by any body on earth, except

the credulous part of the English nation, that such a revolution could have taken place without the consent and approbation, nay, against the will of thirty millions of people full of spirit and military notions?

It is notorious, that the eleven months of your reign was employed by the writers and haranguers of France to extol your government, and to traduce the government and character of Napoleon. It is notorious, that, while the press was free for men like *Chatcaubriand* and *Cretelle*, whose employment was to blacken Napoleon and to applaud you, it was closed against those who dared to think of taking the other side. It is notorious that you established a *Censorship* after having pledged yourself to maintain the *Liberty of the Press*. It is notorious that many persons were already in prison for long terms for what were deemed *libels*. Yet, with this most powerful instrument in your hands, you were wholly unable, with the treasures of the country at your command, to gain over to you any part of the people in number sufficient to make their voice heard. Is it possible, then, for us to be made believe, that the people of France did not, from the bottom of their hearts prefer the government of Napoleon to that of the Bourbons? They talk to us of the *army*, of *conspiracies*, of *fraternities*, & I know not what; but, how could any, or all of these prevent the people France from falling upon Napoleon on his way to Paris, or at the gates of Paris?

The truth is, that there needed neither armies nor conspirators nor fraternities to upset your throne, the existence of which was opposed to the feelings, the habits, and to the *immediate interest* of the present inhabitants of France, who, besides the grounds of discontent, resentment, and alarm before stated, proceeded, in this instance, upon the further and still stronger ground, that their *property*, their *real property*; that nearly the whole of the real property in France; that the *preservation of all this, and of every part of it, was incompatible with the reign of the House of Bourbon, however great the wisdom and the virtues of the Princes of that House may be*. I myself am of the same opinion. I was of that opinion when I wrote the *answer* to your Proclamation of January 1814. It was not in reason, it was not in nature,

that the Bourbons should be welcome guests in France, because their presence there menaced the whole nation with ruin.

The people of England, many of whom are now for rushing headlong into a war for the purpose of again restoring you by force of arms, know though they appear determined not to know, any thing of this, the greatest of all the obstacles to the success of such a project. Nor is this so very wonderful, when there have been found the means of persuading *you*, that it was practicable. The truth is, that, where powerful interests are opposed to reason, though the latter be clear as the noon-day Sun, the former generally prevail in deciding men's opinions. It is, therefore, not at all surprising, that the Noblesse of France should still have believed, that the people of that great country were to be brought, if not to submit to their former vassalage, at least, to yield up their estates. They will, I dare say, like the STUARTS, live along, generation after generation, in the indulgence of this ridiculous belief; but, I am persuaded, that it will soon be discovered by the people of England, and especially *by the great holders of our Funded Debt*, that their fortunes ought not to be expended in so foolish and so wicked an adventure.

When the powerful class, to whom I have last more particularly alluded, shall have brought to their aid in this discussion, not *philanthropy*, not *humanity*, for, though natives of their bosoms, they are discarded in a question of war or peace with France; but, when they shall have brought to their aid that *common sense*, unclouded by passion, which is their guide in their private concerns, they will perceive that another war for the purpose of placing the Bourbons upon the throne of France is an undertaking, which, as long as the *possession of property* is desirable amongst men, can never succeed.

We have been so long accustomed to talk about Napoleon *only* as the obstacle to the restoration of your family; we have spent so many years in invective against him and his revolutionary predecessors in power, that, at last, we seem to have wholly overlooked what has been going on in the *interior* of France. We seem to have forgotten, and we may be well excused for it seeing that you and your advisers appear to have forgotten it also; we seem to have forgotten, that the *whole* of the *lands* of France, were,

previous to the revolution, the property of the Crown, the Noblesse, and the Church, the exceptions being so insignificant as to be almost unworthy of notice. We seem to have forgotten, that *all* the property of the crown: *all* the property of the Church, even to the very Churches and Church Yards in many cases; and a great part of the property of the Noblesse, was confiscated, and was sold to individuals. We seem to have forgotten, that the houses and land of the whole country thus came into the hands of new owners, and that the land was sold in such small parcels and under such circumstances so very advantageous to the purchasers, that a great part of the labouring men became proprietors of land. We seem to have forgotten, that the *titles* to these innumerable estates rest *solely* upon the *legality* of the sales and upon the due execution of the laws passed by the National Assemblies and by Napoleon and his Legislative Bodies. We seem to have forgotten, that to call the *legality* of these acts in question is to shake the titles of the whole of these proprietors.

If we had not completely forgotten all these things, we should not have been surprized, that the people were alarmed at seeing you begin dating your official acts in the NINETEENTH year of your reign, thereby clearly declaring by implication, that all the laws passed since the death of your brother were in fact, null and void, whenever you chose to declare them null and void. We should not have been surprized at the suspicions excited by the conduct of the Clergy, some of whom talked of refusing absolution to persons who had purchased Church property. We should not have been surprized at the general indignation arising from the dismissing of men from public employments because they or their relations held property formerly belonging to the Crown, the Church, or the Noblesse, or from the shutting out from the officers of the army all those against whom existed similar objections. We should not have been surprized at the general alarm and outcry against the act for *restoring*, directly and *as matter of right*, to the Noblesse, that part of this property not yet sold to the nation, and which struck, at once, the root of all the titles of the property which had been sold. We should not have been surprized at . . . . . short, we should not have been at all





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prized at the return and at the cordial and joyful reception of Napoleon, whose very presence put an end to all these alarms and terrors which your restoration and the subsequent measures of your government had spread through every department and parish in France.

Even if one could possibly suppose, that a whole nation would be indifferent to the security of their property, the idea of the return of that property to its ancient owners must have given rise to the horrid apprehension of a return of all the ancient oppressions of the Feudal System, under which the people of that fine country were wretched slaves. If the estates returned, the *seigneuries* would have returned; for, such things are never done by halves. Indeed, the power which was found sufficient to dispossess people of their landed property would have been more than sufficient for every other purpose. And, when we know, that the Feudal System sent thousands of persons annually to the Gallies for offences now unknown to France; when we know that the petit Seigneurs were, in many instances, judges as well as accusers; that the litigations and vexations arising from their multifarious jurisdictions were endless; that justice was almost openly bought and sold in their barbarous courts; and that, in many cases, their power extended to the taking away of life itself. When we know all this, can we be surprized, that the people of France trembled at the sound of any name connected with the recollection of the *Ancient Regime*?

It is not my design to insinuate, that any blame rests on you for any of the causes to which I ascribe your expulsion. I really do not blame you for any part of them. If there were some things done contrary to your promise, it was evident to me, that you were *unable* to fulfil your promise. And, if your Government was making great strides towards the restoration of the Noblesse and the Clergy in the possession of their property, it is very clear, that you had not the power to prevent it; and, indeed (promises out of the question), that you were bound to effect such restoration, or to risk, at least, your crown in the attempt.

The right of the Noblesse and of the Clergy to their estates, to their privileges and to all the feudal powers attached to their titles and domains rested upon

precisely the *same basis* as your right to your crown. You were very careful not to acknowledge, that you owed your crown to the people. Setting aside the compliment to our Prince R<sup>egent</sup>, your declarations bore, that you derived your crown from your ancestors and from Divine Providence; and, accordingly, you dated the commencement of your reign from the day of the death of your predecessor in the line of kings. Now, if what had passed, during the last twenty five years had, in no degree, impaired your rights, it was impossible that it could have impaired the rights of the Clergy and the Noblesse, which were as ancient and as sacred as yours.

If, in spite of the fair claim that these two orders had upon you; if you, firmly seated yourself, had disregarded these companions of your exile, or had pleaded the public good for the abandonment of those who had been proscribed along with yourself, they might, and they, doubtless, would, have reminded you of your *protest*, dated from Coblenz, in 1791, in which you and the other Princes of the Blood DENIED that LOUIS XVI had any RIGHT to accept a Constitution which gave up the rights of the Clergy and the Noblesse; that gave up any of their rights, their tythes, their church-lands, or their feudal titles, privileges, or powers. These two Orders, therefore, might with perfect consistency, have charged you with having violated your pledge to them, even as things stood; and, at any rate, they had a right to demand of you to do every thing in your power to smooth the way for their restoration, your own having been effected. To have done *less* than you did, must have exposed you to the execration of these Orders and to the contempt of mankind; and yet you did a great deal *too much* to make your reign bearable to the people of France.

Thus, Sir, in the best defence of your conduct, is found the proof that it was impossible for you to reign in France, and also the proof, that your family never can, except for a short time, and that, too, by the aid of a foreign force, reign in that country. The present French are not only unlike the French of 1787, but they are precisely the opposite. They are of a new character. Their manners, their habits, their minds, all are changed. They never received you back. You

were put upon the throne while a foreign force was stationed in the capital; and the moment they had an opportunity they expelled you. If, however, there could have been any doubts upon this subject before, there can be none now. If there were any persons weak enough to believe, that it was possible for you to return without the Noblesse and the Clergy, that belief must now be at an end; and, therefore, it appears very clear to me, that any war, which shall have your restoration, or that of any part of your family, in view, can produce nothing but misery, a waste of money and a waste of lives.

To make war upon France for the purpose of compelling her to change her rulers is, however, what, I imagine, no nation in Europe will be weak enough openly to avow. And yet, what other real object can a war against her have, if she forbears from new aggressions? Napoleon to all other traits of greatness in his character has now added that which rarely falls to the lot of man, namely, to *acknowledge his errors*. He, after being long borne on the wings of military glory; after seeing every continental sovereign at his feet, has returned to the dictates of moderation and to the principles of freedom. The men, whom he has now called to his councils are the very men, or the survivors of them, at least, who founded the Republic; who built all government upon the sovereignty of the people; who declared that rulers were made for nations, and not nations for rulers; who insisted, that all taxes were robberies, unless proceeding from the people's consent, and who rejected with indignation the doctrine, that *birth* without *merit* constituted a claim to superiority, except for the sake of the public good hereditary succession was thought necessary to the chief of the state. These were the principles of the constitution which your unfortunate brother accepted. And these are the principles upon which Napoleon now reigns. As in 1792, he disavows, in the most explicit manner, all views of foreign conquest, unless first attacked. I would hope, for the sake of my country, that another crusade against *Jacobinism* is not now about to begin: and yet, I must say, that I *fear*.

If it is to be begun, however, the cause of the crusaders is far more hopeless than

it was before. The principles they have to contend against are precisely the same. But the people of France are now in *actual possession* of the fair fruits of those principles. They are a changed people. Their state is prosperous. Beggary, poverty, servility, have been banished from their soil. Those who have travelled through France to witness the destruction and misery, occasioned by the revolution, have returned and told us, that they could find no traces of either. They have found healthy, decent, happy proprietors where they formerly saw squalid and ragged slaves. "From *DIEPPE to MONTPELLIER*" says Mr. BIRKBECK, "we saw not one of those poor famished looking creatures, who are to be seen in every parish, I had almost said, on every farm, in England." All, we are told, bears the marks of morality, plenty, and happiness; and, when he asked "what had become of the old *miserable peasantry*," he was told that they disappeared with the feudal rights and the ancient regime.

This state of things, therefore, renders the *example* of France infinitely more formidable than ever to those, if there be any such, who are, for whatever reasons, afraid of the effects of that example. I am quite ready to acknowledge this; but, who will attempt to justify a war against France, lest the contagion of her principles; lest the contagion of her freedom and her happiness should extend itself beyond her geographical limits? For years past we are told, by those who had contended for war against her principles, that now her principles were no longer to be dreaded, seeing that the result of them was carnage and misery. But, no sooner do events enable us to see for ourselves than we find, that, while she was carrying her victorious arms to every capital on the continent, she was flourishing at home amidst the improving arts of peace. In these facts, which will daily become more and more notorious, wider and wider spread, there is, I must confess, cause, and very ample cause, for tyrants to hate France, and to wish to urge war against her to avoid a communication with her people. But, for that very reason it is the duty of every friend of freedom to endeavour to prevent such war.

I am, &c. &c. W. COBBETT.  
April, 4th, 1815.



## THE REGENT'S MESSAGE.

Contrary to general expectation; contrary at least to the war-breathing and sanguinary wishes of the conductors of our Cossack newspapers; contrary to the views of the numerous herd of public contractors; contrary to the anxious desires of naval and military promotion hunters; but extremely consolatory to my mind, and, I trust, to the minds of all those who sincerely love their country, and wish the happiness of the human race; the Prince Regent's Message to Parliament is *not* a Declaration of War against France, either for the overthrow of Napoleon, or restoration of the Bourbons.—The following is a copy:—*George P. R.* The Prince Regent, acting in the name and on the behalf of his Majesty, thinks it right to inform the House of Commons, that the events which have recently occurred in France, in direct contravention of the engagements concluded with the Allied Powers, at Paris, in the month of April last, and which threaten consequences highly dangerous to the tranquillity and independence of Europe, have induced his Royal Highness to give directions for the augmentation of his Majesty's land and sea forces.—The Prince Regent has likewise deemed it incumbent upon him, to lose no time in entering into communications with his Majesty's Allies, for the purpose of forming such a concert as may most effectually provide FOR THE GENERAL AND PERMANENT SECURITY OF EUROPE. And his Royal Highness confidently relies on the support of the House of Commons, in all measures which may be necessary for the accomplishment of this important object.—The effect which this moderate language has already had, upon our infamous newspaper press, forms, indeed, a striking contrast to the outrageous abuse, with which it has teemed, ever since the return of Napoleon, particularly since the famous declaration of the Allies of the 13th ult. which, from its extraordinary complexion, I was, at first, inclined to consider a forgery; but which, I am not sorry to find, was really put forth by the ministers of the crowned heads, assembled at Vienna. As the publication of this declaration is likely to produce some important changes at home, in the event

of our not going to war with France, or in that country, if we should be so unwise as to renew the contest, and as it may be necessary to refer to it in future discussions, I have annexed a copy of it to this article. To me it appears to favour the doctrine of assassination; but I may be wrong in this opinion. Ministers have disclaimed this construction of it, and I am willing to give them credit for the disavowal. In the *Times* and *Courier*, however, the writers of these detestable papers have the audacity to tell their readers, in direct opposition to the disavowal of ministers, that it was the intention of the Allies to give Napoleon up to the dagger of the assassin.—Even so late as the 6th inst. the *Courier* speaks of the Declaration as a measure by which the sovereigns of Europe have “put him (Napoleon) out of the pale of the law, and SET A CAIN MARK UPON HIM.” No language can be plainer than this. The denunciation upon Cain, the murderer of his brother, as recorded in the Bible, was, “a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be on the earth;” which Cain immediately interpreted thus, —“And it shall come to pass, that every one that findeth me shall *slay me*.”—It would seem, notwithstanding the atrocity which this man had been guilty of, that it was not intended he should be put to death, without some form of law; therefore a mark was put upon his forehead, “lest any finding him should kill him.” But the *Courier* tell us that the allies have put Napoleon “out of the pale of the law”; which can have no other meaning than that he should be put to death without trial by any one who chooses to become his assassin; and that there are people ready to perform this very *honorable* deed, is pretty evident from the manner in which the doctrine of assassination is discussed in, what is called, the free press of this *virtuous*, this *moral*, this *religious* country.—Amongst the innumerable falsehoods that have lately been propagated by the men of blood, to excite a new war against France, I am glad to find one of these pointedly contradicted by Ministers which encouraged the belief that “there was a secret article in the treaty of Paris, by which this country became bound to support Louis XVIII. in case of insurrection in France.” This has been formally and officially contradicted in both Houses of Parliament.

What then can those advocates for perpetual war now say, when they find their favourite project a *civil war*, an insurrection against Napoleon's Government, so soon blown into air? One would have thought that the miserable termination of the La Vendee war in 1792 would have taught these men the folly of relying on so rotten a foundation. We are every day told that Napoleon is a monster and a despot, and that he cares no more for the people of France than to make them the tools to serve his private ends, and promote his ambitious projects. But let those who hold him up in this light, recollect the magnanimity of his conduct, when he abdicated the throne of France, and consented to be an exile, rather than allow one drop of French blood to be shed for his personal rights.—Let them remember this unparalleled instance of magnanimity, and let them compare it with their own endeavours to create a civil war in France, in support of an unnatural claim to the crown against the unanimous suffrage of the whole people. If they are capable at all of feeling repugnance, for error, this comparison would make them blush for their infamous conduct, and hide their heads in silence for ever.

#### DECLARATION.

The Powers who have signed the Treaty of Paris, assembled at the Congress at Vienna, being informed of the escape of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, and of his entrance into France with an armed force, owe it to their own dignity and the interest of social order, to make a solemn declaration of the sentiments which this event has excited in them. By thus breaking the convention which has established him in the island of Elba, Bonaparte destroys the only legal title on which his existence depended—by appealing again in France with projects of confusion and disorder, he has deprived himself of the protection of the law, and has manifested to the universe, that there can be neither peace nor truce with him. The Powers consequently declare, that Napoleon Bonaparte has placed himself without the pale of civil and social relations; and that as an enemy and disturber of the tranquillity of the world he has rendered himself liable to public vengeance.

They declare at the same time, that firmly resolved to maintain entire the Treaty of Paris of 30th May, 1814, and the dispositions sanctioned by that Treaty, and those which they have resolved on, or shall hereafter resolve on, to complete and to consolidate it, they will employ all their means, and will unite all their efforts; that the general peace, the object of the wishes of Europe, and the constant purpose of their labours, may not again be troubled; and to guarantee against every attempt which shall threaten to replunge the world into the disorders and miseries of revolutions. And although entirely persuaded that all France, rallying round its legitimate Sovereign, will immediately annihilate this last attempt of a criminal and impotent delirium; all the Sovereigns of Europe animated by the same sentiments, and guided by the same principles, declare that if, contrary to all calculations, there should result from this event any real danger, they will be ready to give to the King of France, and to the French nation, or to any other Government that shall be attacked, as soon as they shall be called upon, all the assistance requisite to restore public tranquillity, and to make a common cause against all those who should undertake to compromise it. The present Declaration inserted in the Register of the Congress assembled at Vienna, on the 13th March, 1815, shall be made public. Done and attested by the Plenipotentiaries of the High Powers who signed the Treaty of Paris, Vienna, 13th March, 1815.

Here follow the signatures, in the alphabetical order of the Courts:

Austria.—*Prince Metternich, Baron Wessenberg.*

France.—*Prince Talleyrand, the Duke of Dalberg, Latour du Pin, Count Alexis and Noailles.*

Great Britain.—*Wellington, Clancarty, Cathcart, Stewart.*

Portugal.—*Count Pamella Saldanha Labs.*

Prussia.—*Prince Hardenberg, Baron Humboldt.*

Russia.—*Count Rasmowsky, Count Stackelberg, Count Nesselrode.*

Spain.—*P. Gomez Labrador.*

Sweden.—*Lafmenhelm.*



## ON RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.

## LETTER VIII.

"We do not pretend to destroy error by force and violence."

Discourse of the Clergy of France to Louis 18th.

MIRABAND, in his *System de la Nature*, which may be considered the Bible of *Materialism*, says, that "Preists unceasingly repeat, it is pride, vanity, and the desire of distinguishing himself from the generality of mankind, that determines man to incredulity. In this they act like the great, who treat all those as insolent who refuse to cringe before them. Would not every rational man have a right to ask a Priest—Where is thy superiority in matters of reasoning!—What motives can I have to submit my reason to thy delirium?—On the other hand, may it not be said to the Clergy, that it is *Interest* that makes them priests; that it is *Interest* which renders them Theologians; that it is the *Interest* of their pride, of their avarice, and their Systems, of which they alone reap the benefit."—It is a great misfortune that the bulk of Mankind can seldom give those persons credit for Virtue or Sincerity whose opinions are much opposed to their own.—For my part, (as a primitive Christian) I am a decided enemy to an order of men called *Priests*, because I am convinced that Jesus was too sensible a person to have invented, or encouraged, in the slightest degree, an institution so pregnant with Calamity to the Church of God as that of Priestcraft.—And though I think that the Systems of Religion most in vogue at present ought to be denominated *Priestianity*, instead of Christianity, I am by no means so illiberal as to assert that all priests are hypocrites. I am seriously persuaded that numbers of them take up their office entirely through zeal and enthusiasm in the cause of Christ, and with the sole view to the salvation of souls, by bringing them within the pale of their conventicle. This, to be sure, is most applicable to the dissenting interest; for having, in the days of my youth, been a fanatic, and a preacher among them, I ought to be acquainted with some of the motives that influence their conduct. With regard to the State religion, its ministers are brought up to it in a more tradesman-like manner, and are not likely to

be so sincere and serious as those who are induced to officiate through the impulse of their own feelings, which is commonly termed "*a call of God*." If a nobleman or gentleman has several sons, the principal part of his fortune goes to the eldest, and the remainder must fleece the public in the character of a priest, a soldier, or a legalized pick-pocket. How many a young man is brought up to the trade of a priest without having the least taste for the craft, or a single serious view; yet, before he can be admitted into the exercise of his business, he is obliged to make a false oath, and swear he is moved by the Holy Ghost to take that office upon him, when he ought rather to say, "I am moved by the spirit of emolument."—But even these kind of men, unless they are thinkers, are not always hypocrites. Though they do not act up to the character of a spiritual christian, their education has led them to believe in the truth of their religion.—I am aware that thousands of them do not credit what they preach, because the studies of many learned men have the unfortunate tendency of leading them to scepticism; but I will be bold to assert, that the bulk of them firmly believe their religion to be genuine and authentic, and that some few have that warm interest in their system which is called piety.

Esoterical and exoterical doctrines, are not so much in use now, as they were among the ancients, who inculcated superstition only among the lower orders, while they initiated every enlightened person into the pure and simple precepts of NATURE. But with us there are thousands of accomplished scholars, and persons of rank, who still retain the prejudices of education, it being no part of our civil or religious polity, to free them from these shackles. I am willing to admit, what *Miraband* says of the Priests, that their interest must necessarily attach them to systems from which they reap so much benefit. We all know that nothing is more than interest calculated to entrap us. But how weak is their argument, when they assert, that it is pride, vanity, and a desire of distinguishing themselves from their fellow creatures, that determines them to infidelity.—I should like to be informed what advantage any man has gained, by being a professed unbeliever? Or, who

ther the acknowledgement of such sentiments has not always been attended with certain loss, and caused the individual to be viewed with horror and suspicion, by the ignorant and narrow minded, who form the mass of society; besides being persecuted by the Priests and all fanatical bigots. A man can only be credulous, or abound in faith, or incredulous, and be a sceptic, according as those things which are proposed for his belief strike his understanding, over which he has no command; he must submit to be guided by the impressions it receives, whether strong or weak, right or wrong. He is much more likely to be governed by ambition, pride, vanity, ostentation, and sordid avarice, when he puts on the garb of religion, (so current a commodity with the world in general,) than if he confessed himself an infidel, which would immediately raise the public voice against him, and cause him to be looked upon as a bad man, who, wanting faith in incomprehensibles and incredibles, could not possibly possess good morals, or be a worthy member of society. The ignorant, bigotted, and superstitious, are many; the enlightened, rational, and sceptical, very few, and those few often concealed. The stimulus to action must therefore be on the side of the hypocritical religious, rather than on that of the ostentatious Deist. But I cannot, easily believe that there are any persons who have faith and profess infidelity, because I can see so few cases where a person would have an interest in so doing. Nothing is more absurd than to think people cannot be sincere in the opinions they profess, merely because they appear monstrous or ridiculous to us. Such is the effect of education, habit, situation, and circumstances, that I can credit the superstition even of learned Bishops, and eminent Philosophers; and such is the force of human reason, when once the mind is set free, that I can equally give credence to its arrival at the speculations of Deism, the doubts of Scepticism, and even the cold and cheerless decisions of Materialism (so unflattering to self) with the same implicit sincerity as the dying Christian, or Mahomedan, yields his soul into the hands of his Maker.—The reason why I have said thus much of the Priesthood, without coming to *Religious Persecution*, my favourite theme, is that I consider the spirit of persecution to have

emanated from Priestcraft. If in the present instance, therefore, I labour more in developing the *cause*, than in describing the *effect*, I trust I shall be considered as still supporting the title I am writing under, which I deem equally comprehensive with that of toleration, upon which entire treatises have been published.

The Priesthood of every Sect promulgate dogmas, which they assert are essentially necessary to be believed by those who wish to obtain salvation. They shew some ancient traditions, which they tell us are infallible, and were written by divine inspiration; that they are the words of eternal truth; and that if we cannot enthusiastically believe every *iota* of them, we shall be consigned to everlasting damnation.

In consequence of these doctrines, the nurse begins to impress certain notions on our memory the moment we can talk; next the school-master confining them through the medium of a catechism, whereby we are asked certain questions (the wisdom or absurdity of which our infantine capacities are not capable of comprehending) and answers are put into our mouths, ready cut and contrived. These, by constant recapitulation, are deeply imprinted on our minds, and we believe them the dictates of reason and truth.—Then comes the Priest, who puts his seal to the statement, already written upon the blank sheet of our youthful understandings; inforces, with a particular emphasis, those ideas which have previously been infused in the mind; and inspires us with a peculiar reverence for sacerdotal office. Having been brought to this trade, like other men to their respective avocations, he works upon the ignorant and superstitious with the same facility that the skilful musician plays upon a well tuned instrument. We are instructed by him to read certain books and to believe implicitly every word they contain; to study them with a view to applaud and adore the matters they treat of; and we are terrified at the infamy with which those are branded who are so unfortunate as to doubt or disrespect any thing mentioned in those books, or that is uttered by the priest. We are honored up by the horrid sentence of an *eternal roasting*, if we should die without *being able* to believe, in those points, which our priest says are requisite to procure us a pass-port to the



mansion of bliss. He carefully conceals from our knowledge every thing likely to bring his calling into discredit, or to injure the *profits* of his craft. We thus grow up, bigotted to a variety of opinions adopted without examination, and which we have no better ground for crediting than that we have been *told* they are correct, and that our friends and those around us think as we do. We are taught to refuse the evidence of our senses, to give up our reason as an unfaithful guide, and blindly to conform ourselves to the mandates of our spiritual director, whose *interest* it is to continue us in these errors, of which *he only* reaps the advantage.

ERASMUS PERKINS.

MR. COBBETT,—The infamy of the "*Times*" newspaper needs not any further illustration than what has been given to it by a variety of your able correspondents, in addition to your own invaluable efforts in the glorious cause of exposing public delusion, and attempting to destroy that credulity of our countrymen which renders them the perpetual dupes of any one who will attempt that species of deception, which is now almost proverbial with the conductors of our daily press. But there is one palpable contradiction to itself, which will, perhaps, cause even some of its readers to blush at the confidence they repose in it, when they see the wretched prevarication and contemptible double-dealing it is obliged to resort to, to give its rhapsodies even an ideal plausibility.

You have doubtless perceived, Sir, that the editor of the *Times*, constantly asserted, that *the people* never were in favour of Napoleon; that they detested him; that the movements had all originated with a few discontented individuals, and that this was the truth, the Editor pledged his *veracity*, (no great risk to be sure!) Notwithstanding all this Bonaparte has reascended *his* throne—not a shot being fired in opposition to either himself, or his pretensions. And yet all this has happened in direct opposition to the mass of the population of France. Very well. Now let us look at the other side. A few, confessedly, assert the claims of Louis, in the South of France. This is immediately exalted into a proof, that the population, or a large proportion of them, are in favour of

Louis, and we are called upon to consider this trifling *coterie* of the friends of parental sovereignty, as the nation of France. "Oh, it is quite impossible" (says the *Times*) but that "there must be a great many that are devoted to the *parental* government of "Louis." And this *great number* did absolutely nothing at the only time when any thing could be done. Unattended by an armed force that deserves any consideration in a country like France, the Emperor reached his capital without any molestation: yet this we are told is no proof he was wished-for by the people. The air resounds with *general* acclamations and 'tis merely the cry of the *rabble*. But when the *real rabble* begin to cry out on their side, their feeble cries are the voice of the nation, forsooth! and we are not to look in the capital of France for the voice of the people, but in the obscure retreats, which are the patri-mony of those who are interested in raising the delusive hope of effectual resistance.

I am, &c. JUVENIS.

#### PEACE OR WAR?

Is then my Country so perversely blind,  
To what experience must have taught mankind?  
To what her welfare dictates us to dare,  
Without just cause, plunge madly into War;  
Will she unsheath her bloodstain'd sword again,  
And swell the dreadful list of England's slain?  
Because a nation, to the World has shewn  
Its right to hurl a sovereign from the throne,  
Rais'd to the dangerous height, by foreign choice,  
By foreign arms, against the people's voice;  
Because they've placed the sceptre in the hand  
Of one, they think more worthy to command?  
In such a cause, will England wreck her fame,  
For ever lose her once-respected name;  
That name, which made despotic monarchs fear,  
And which to Britons, should be always dear.  
No! if one spark of honour yet remains,  
If British blood still flows within our veins,  
If love of country still can warm the heart,  
From its pure dictates let us not depart;  
Let us not headlong on destruction run,  
But keep those laurels, we have nobly won.  
Does not the precipice, on which we stand,  
Appal the hearts of those, who rule the land?  
Do they not know, Reform alone can save  
This hapless, sinking country, from the grave?

That she must bend beneath a foreign yoke,  
 If by CORRUPTION, her proud spirit's broke ;  
 Or, that her sons, to desperation driv'n,  
 Will seek, by force, those rights by Charter giv'n ?  
 Who could extinguish then the dreadful flame ?  
 Who the wild spirit of the People tame ?  
 From fatal blindness let us now awake,  
 When all that's dear to Britons is at stake ;  
 Let us the proffer'd olive-branch receive,  
 And by REFORM, our tarnish'd name retrieve ;  
 By WAR we are to certain ruin hurld,  
 Disgrac'd, despis'd, unpitied by the world.

Buckinghamshire.

AMOR PATRIÆ.

## RETRENCHMENT AND REFORM.

MR. COBBETT.—The gross mismanagement of the political concerns of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, seems to have acquired a sort of sanction from habit, so that all animadversion on the subject is deemed hackneyed, is regarded as a story too often told to interest further attention. But, Sir, you know very well, that the axioms of morals are not less steady in their influence than those of physics, and that if it be physically impossible to render unequal means adequate to given ends, so is it alike impracticable to pursue ruinous courses of conduct, without ultimately incurring the inevitable ruin, attending such moral necessity. Is not, therefore, the scheme of expending national treasure at the rate planned by the British Government, so widely unequal to the resources of the country, that it must, sooner or later, induce unavoidable ruin ? Can the individual having five hundred pounds a year, afford to expend at the rate of five thousand ? Would he who could be at once so profligate and entertain an idea of *lasting solvency*, be deemed *compos mentis* ? Would not the Lord Chancellor of these realms, on application for that purpose, issue a decree of lunacy against the person who would attempt to vindicate such an insane procedure ? If small things then may be compared with great, what a *dwarfish* case of wasteful and wild expenditure is this, compared with what is gravely, is indeed legislatively, done and doing by the existing mode of Government ? To provide for the exigencies of the day, without regarding the tremendous workings of a debt that cau-

not be seriously contemplated without hopeless dismay, seems to form the grand object of the parliamentary session.—The representative interests of the country would appear to be confined to authorising schemes of finance of an almost unbounded extent, and of course, fraught with the eventual ruin of the people. To speak of the extravagant wasting of public money, of the corrupt purposes for which it is expended, and the grinding system of taxation by which it is furnished, is now become so very trite, so tamely common place, that it makes but little more impression on our "thinking people" (as they have been phrased) than the usual cursory remarks on the prevailing weather. What is all this senseless apathy, this base supineness, this stupid direliction of public spirit owing to ? To say that we are *degenerated*, is a simple affirmation of an undeniable fact ; but it would be important to state the *cause* of the degeneracy, for the purpose of retracing our wayward steps, that some chance may be afforded of the *British Isles* being once again inhabited by *Britons* ; that is to say, by a people worthy of those, who by manliness, simplicity, courage, and wisdom, acquired the renown that raised and established the British name and character. This luckless degeneracy has for the most part grown out of the miserable taxing system, and the consequent unblushing dissipation of public money for ends and objects, at irreconcilable variance with the constitutional laws and liberties of the land. Money is a powerful engine of corruption, and the immense sums that have been wrung from the labours, and from the necessities even, of the people have been audaciously employed in purchasing, pensioning, and enslaving a large portion of the political independence of the country.

No character is so despicable, either in self estimation or in public opinion, as the person who accepts a pecuniary consideration for indefinite services. In native and in honourable feeling, the *Galley slave* is a magnanimous being, compared to such a revolting wretch. The sentenced slave, has his person only fastened to the Galley, whilst his mind may be as free as the air he breathes, and alive to every just and generous sentiment that constitutes the genuine pride and ornament of human existence ; but the bought



and sold parasite, the dangler after pelf at the expence of all morality, possesses not a feeling but what degrades him beneath the beast of the field, and marks him out as an object of universal disdain and contempt. How is this annihilating degeneracy to be reclaimed? You, Sir, have often answered the question, and if your admonition had been adopted, this country would have been at the present moment, at once the model and envy of the civilized world. You, Sir, have repeatedly said, that an *unrestrained* liberty of the press, a *real annual* representation of the people in parliament, with such retrenchment and economy in the national expenditure, as would supersede all necessity for burthensome taxation, would strike the hydra evil at its very source, would regenerate our fallen state, and cause our once happy nation, Phoenix-like, to emerge from the ashes of its own destruction, into resuscitated purity, vigour, and prosperity.—Why then is not this remedy tried? Can there be any risk in the experiment? America has furnished a convincing proof of the beneficial effects of an unshackled press. It is, indeed, true, that it prints a great deal of falsehood; but then it also *fearlessly* tells the *whole truth*, which infinitely counterbalances and destroys the influence of what is false. It is the liberty to publish the false, and the restriction imposed on making known what is true, that do all the mischief. Mr. Sheridan once affirmed in the British House of Commons, that with the aid of a *free* press, he would defy whatever fleets and armies, state intriguers, spies, parasites, and traducers, that might be marshalled against him; with that weapon alone, he would repel them all, would strip them of their imaginary power, and triumphantly hold them up to merited derision and execration! By a *real* and an *annual* representation all the sham work and foolish mockery of a wise institution would be avoided, whilst the shortness of the sitting would soon repossess the electors of that suffrage which they would take care to confide where it would not be likely to be abused. By this only wise and politic mode of procedure, an incessant check would be imposed on the representative, and the represented would be always able to correct the faults of representation. The British Constitution has provided this guardian principle of political justice,

and authorises its application; but British apathy and corruption have at least suspended, if not annulled this sacred privilege. If this master right were fully resumed, corruption, in all its forms and degrees, would soon shrink out of sight, and quickly cease under its beneficial influence; and without it no radical or lasting amendment can be effected.—Retrenchment means lopping off useless places, pensions, and emoluments, as the morbid excrescences of a corrupt and vitiating Government. The labourer is, indeed, worthy of his hire, but there should be no worthless hirelings for sinister purposes. The indispensable offices of Government should be frugally filled, and the most rigid economy should be observed in every department of the State. A system of Government founded on public justice and economy, will sustain itself by its own importance to the people. It becomes at once the basis of social order and of all public and private virtue. It will therefore be invulnerably secure; the shafts of falsehood will not reach it, whilst the purity of truth will imperishably establish it. The American Government has this sort of moral security, and will continue to have it as long as it shall retain its present equitable and enlightened system of legislation. Its intrinsic worth will be its stable support, and all the powers on earth will not be able to overthrow it whilst it remains true to the sacred principles of freedom on which it is bottomed. Let the decrepid, the mutilated, and debased parent receive wholesome instruction from its offspring. Let America, in all its youth and vigour of legislative wisdom, admonish the councils of the British Government to *unshackle* the press, to give truth an *unlimited imprimature*, to be *real* in its representation, to be *annual* only in its legislative confidence, to abolish all useless expences, to be economical in all the out-goings of the State, to bring taxation within the moderate and natural limits prescribed by the unavoidable disbursements of Government. Then, indeed, and not till then, will the political condition of the British realms be regenerated and become worthy of her American sons, whose inimitable greatness, however, it must be confessed, originated from a *virtuous abandonment* of British degeneracy.

A TRUE BRITON.

## NO WAR WITH FRANCE.

MR. COBBETT.—It is with pleasure I see the praiseworthy and patriotic exertions you are making to avert that dreadful evil, at this eventful crisis, a war with France to reinstate hereditary imbecility on the throne of that fine country. I trust your endeavours will prove successful. Surely the evils that have befallen this country, during one and twenty years of war, will teach our ministers moderation, and prevent them from madly rushing into a war, for the express purpose of placing upon the throne of France a man, who has no other title to it, than the proud claim of legitimacy. They have not, now the fallacious pretext to justify themselves, that the *people* of France are sighing for the “paternal government of Louis,” or that Napoleon’s ambition is so unbounded, that an honorable or advantageous peace cannot be concluded with him; for he has declared by the advice of his council, “that he will faithfully observe the treaty of Paris.” He says, “his own sentiments are contrary to that, but he will wave them, as it is considered advantageous for France to remain at Peace,” and he has renounced all idea of aggrandizement by conquest. The progress of Napoleon with a small band of followers from Frejus to the Metropolis itself nearly across the whole territory, is so great a manifestation of the national will in his behalf, not only of soldiers, but likewise of the people, that it must be allowed, if ever man was called to the throne by the voice of a nation that man is Bonaparte. Even the greatest sticklers for Louis are constrained to acknowledge it, and as they are forced to abandon the subterfuge of Napoleon’s tyranny, they dispute the right of every nation to choose its own Sovereign; a right which our own constitution ensures to us, and which has been exercised in calling our present Royal Family to the throne. But overlooking all this, and regardless of the consequences, it is to be feared that ministers are determined to renew the war, for the purpose of interfering in the internal affairs of France. With such prospect before us, it becomes every one to take a view of the state of this coun-

try before the last war, and to compare it with the present. Let us also compare the state of France at the commencement of the war with its present state. France had then innumerable difficulties to grapple with; a civil war, an unsettled government, no armies prepared for war, comparatively speaking, no experienced commanders to direct even those armies, and her finances in a bankrupt state. But now all is tranquil within her borders; a man of sublime and peculiar energies is placed upon the throne, who has the confidence and ardent affections of his subjects; numerous veteran soldiers, panting to be led forth to battle, to wipe off the disgrace which has been cast upon her by foreign soldiers polluting her soil and her capital with their presence as Conquerors, are at her command; also experienced Commanders who have risen from the ranks to exalted dignity solely by their merit. Her finances are in a flourishing state, having scarcely any debt to contend with. Indeed in the midst of war she alone has prospered in every thing. England was plunged into a war when France had all those evils I have enumerated, and many more, to contend with, and yet what has been the result? We have come worsted from the contest; our debt has enormously increased, and our means of defraying the expences of the state decreased. As that has been the result of the last war, it cannot be doubted that worse will be the consequence if we madly rush into another war against human liberty. If we are desirous of preserving our honour, our country, our independence and liberties, let us attempt to stem the torrent of evil and to preserve ourselves from a destructive war, ruinous in its tendency, and infamous in its principle, being contrary to our Constitution, because it would be a war against the principles which placed the house of Brunswick on the English Throne. Let us then implore the Prince Regent, that England may not be made a party in war against France, in consequence of France having changed the head of her government, by calling Napoleon to the throne, and expelling Louis XVIII.

Your’s, &c.

HAMPDEN.



## HOPES OF PEACE.

MR. COBBETT.—We have again been favored with precious specimens of the *elegancies of the Times*, which would only occasion a few smiles on the countenance of *taste*, were it not that they have the most wicked and diabolical tendency; were they not dictated by the most sordid and scandalous view; to mere gain arising from the blood, and misery of human beings; and, were they not indications of the degradation and vulgarity of the English character, as exhibited by the *more wealthy part* of the community. It is almost incredible, but it is most true, that the *elegancies of the Times* are exactly suited to the Meridian of our Nabobs, our West-India Planters, our Gentlemen, and our Lordships. It is certain, therefore, that the education of our country has woefully degenerated, and that the *generosi*, the *ingenui homines*; the *virii culti, et liberalis institutiones*; are no longer to be sought for in the higher ranks of the British public, since they, like dumb sows, can eat up all the *druff* of Billingsgate, and the *Times*. I speak not of opinions, but of *taste*; with opinions we should have no quarrel. The pen would correct them. But when slavish opinions are dressed in all the *drabbery* of the vilest *canaille*, and the little great are enraptured with the whoreson gabardine, honor, and taste, and virtue recoil, and shun the loathsome spectacle. The efforts of eloquence and literature are palsied, and retire before the *tousled hag*, the queen of the vulgar great.

But this is not the object of this letter, Sir, nor has it been suggested by the deadly loathing, which any one, with a spark of gentlemanly policy, must experience from the sight of the trash of the *Times*. My purpose is to speak to the probability of the continuance of peace in the present circumstances.

I freely confess that I have much good reason to expect that the nation will not now be plunged into war. Allow me to state those reasons for the consideration of your readers. I. The general sentiment out of the augean stable of the mob that swallows the ordure of the *Times*, is not for the recommencement of hostilities. This is evident from the necessity which the *Times* evidently feels of an extraordinary stirring up of the mind that in-

velopes it, to diffuse around its readers an atmosphere of foetid stink that shall vitiate every sense of smell and taste. It is an indispensable *preparation*, even with the loathsome insects who usually feed upon, and live in, its muck and effluvia. The people, generally, with a vague stare, observe, "I suppose we *must* go to war; but, if we do, we are ruined." This is the common language. Those who are thus persuaded have little need, in order to entertain right apprehensions, except to examine the word *must*. Why must we? Is it because Bonaparte will have it so? Of this, there is not the least proof. Let them consider this, and they will serve their country. *Men* as they are, they will not be effectually opposed by *vermin and the Times*. Why must we? Is it because *we* will have it so? Aye, that is the true question. Will you, then, have it so? Why? Give a reason. You have not the face to utter it, for you must say that it is *for* Louis, or *against* Bonaparte. You dare not say it, unless you have the foul impudence of the worms fed by the *Times*, who are fit only to be trodden under your feet. What have you to do with Louis or Bonaparte? Will you say that you dread a man of talents, and can you find security only in a fool, as the Ruler of France? Well, are you quite sure that the race of the one will all possess talents, and the dynasty of the other continue fools to the end of time? Do not say it. The doltish skull of a *Times*-editor alone can contain such a lampoon on the one, and such an encomium on the other. Of such ideotism the *Times* and its admirers give precious specimens every day. No, the people of England, though somewhat stupified, are not for war, which, without doing any good, may ruin them.

2. I augur, from Lord Fitzroy Somerset's continuance in Paris, that the Government does not mean to go to war. No event has lately given me more pleasure than this, which is an evident proof of the peaceable disposition of some of our rulers. It shews their wisdom and magnanimity more than any thing they have hitherto done. Indeed, thinking only of their probable love of war, and their late disappointment as to the sapient settlement of Europe; considering also the turbulent passions of the venal supporters of violent measures, by which they profit so much, and the stupor of the

majority of the public; I could scarcely believe the fact that Lord Somerset had remained in France at the seat of Government. I confess, I did not expect such an indication of *good sense*. Was it possible, that our governors should have surpassed, in prudence and greatness of mind, the warmest lovers of peace? They certainly have, for I would lay a bet that not one of us would have before-hand suggested the measure. We sincerely thank you, generous rulers. In this you have done well; you have done admirably. Am I not then justified in believing that we have solid grounds for expecting the continuance of peace? Besides, it is certain that our government communicates with that of France.

3. If report speaks truth, my Lord Liverpool is a decided friend of peace.—You will not scruple to admit some eulogium on this nobleman, although you, as well as I, disapprove of many of his political principles and practices. In truth, Lord Liverpool wears an *improving character*, and is likely to become a true and enlightened friend of his country, of its peace and liberty. There are not many men of this description, for the common course of human nature is from good to better, or from bad to worse, as habits acquire force and ascendancy.—Good and ingenuous minds only are capable of the change from bad to good, while they must be vile indeed which can change from good to bad. Of this last description are our *evangelical politicians* generally. They appear to have commenced with some grains of conscience. They have degenerated with evident timidity. They feared to plunge. But they have almost all plunged into the gulph of political depravity, and there taken their natural course, immersing deeper and deeper in the sink of corruption. Of those who were originally bad, and who, in due course, increased in delinquency, are too many public characters of the present day to admit of consideration. Of those who have refined with time, and have even been changed by experience and reflection, there are

some illustrious examples. Charles Fox was in a course of refinement and melioration to the last moment of his life. Lord Grenville, who began his career with William Pitt, may be suspected of not having set out well. But, assuredly, he has seen his error, and, with some remaining objectionable points, is become an upright statesman, a real patriot—though sometimes mistaken—and an upright friend of the constitution and liberties of his country. With those, there is, I think, much reason to class Lord Liverpool. Often have I wished he could free himself from his present associates, that the bent of his changed disposition might have free course. At this time, I think it almost providential, since he continues to retain his inclinations for the right, and not the wrong, that he has remained in the midst of these men that he cannot help despising. He may make the ascendancy of his incipient and aspiring virtue triumphant over them, and over the *confines* of efts, newts and tadpoles that gulp down the *sordes* of the Times. The time is coming when Lord Liverpool will either direct the course of this nation in peace, and wisdom, and reform: or protest against its madness, and folly, and corruption, and stand as a bulwark, with other patriots, against its fall, or be buried gloriously in its ruins.

Such are my reasons, in short, for hoping a continuation of peace. Perhaps I may trouble you again, and am, in the mean time,

Your's,

HORTATOR.

P.S. I forgot to tell you, that it is my intention to publish, about once in a quarter of a year, a collection, price 2s. with this title, "*Elegancies of the Times*," with notes explanatory, laudatory, and critical; to perpetuate to future ages a specimen of the taste of the wealthy British at this period. Your readers will oblige me by subscribing for this work without delay, and you will, I hope, request your publisher to take their names. (This is serious.)